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FREE IN
ISSUE 25
Spooky
Pop-up



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A TRUE STORY



Mark tossed the branch he had been playing with on to
the fire. "All right," he said to the other students,
"I've got one."

Mark and his classmates were on the annual
Blackstone Middle School's spring trip. This year the
class had elected to go camping in the hills a couple of hundred
kilometres north of their school. They had piled into a bus early
in the morning and had reached the campsite in plenty of time
to put up the multicoloured tents.

Although there were two teachers along for supervision, the
boys were mostly left on their own. Now, Mark and his mates
were sitting up by the fire long after the teachers had gone to
bed. They were trying to terrify each other with scary stories.

Kurt and Felix had already told some pretty petrifying ones,
but Mark felt sure his would really rattle them. "I won't tell you
how I heard about this," he began, his face eerily lit by the
dancing flames of the fire, "but I will promise that what I'm
about to tell you is a true story."



Kurt snorted loudly, but was promptly shut up by the others. They had a rule which said that each storyteller had to be given a fair chance, so Mark just ignored Kurt and began.

"There was this lad," he said in a hushed tone. "We'll call him Mike. He lived alone with his dad at the edge of town, close to the forest where his dad worked as a gamekeeper.

"Sometimes Mike's dad would be gone for a few days when he was patrolling the forest, so Mike learned how to take care of himself. He wasn't afraid of the woods like the other kids. In fact, he was always mucking about, making hides and fishing and stuff. So he probably knew his way round the woods better than anyone else.

"Anyway, one night while his dad was away, Mike was looking at the sky through his telescope when all of a sudden he saw a

falling star. He watched it shoot across the sky, and then he started to track it with his telescope. He was following the fiery blaze, watching it fall closer and closer to Earth, until it actually got close enough to see without the telescope. In fact, it was getting so close that he could feel the heat of the blaze... especially since it was heading straight for him!"

"Bam!" shouted Kurt, clapping his hands together.



The boy sitting next to him jumped, and everyone else laughed. Then Felix, the school nerd, had to butt in and ruin it.

"You know that's not really possible," Felix said. "Actually a shooting star is most likely to..."

"Fee-lix!" the other boys shouted him down. "Nobody wants a lecture."

"Are you lot finished?" Mark said. When they'd all settled down, he resumed his frightening story.

"When Mike saw this thing flaming down out of the sky, he jumped for cover – and just in time. The meteor slammed into the ground about a hundred metres away. There was a huge flash of light and the sound of hundreds of trees snapping like pencils. Then everything went really quiet.

"Well, Mike didn't hang around. He took off towards where he had seen the thing come down. But it was weird – he couldn't see any flames or smoke. Still, it wasn't difficult. All he had to do was follow the smell – not of smoke, but of something like burning rubber.



"In minutes, he reached the crash site. It was amazing. The trees were broken like twigs, and in the middle of the clearing was this huge pile of earth that had been pushed up like a wave. Smoke was coming from the pile, and Mike decided to get closer for a better look at what he was sure was a meteor.

"Except it wasn't a meteor. It was something silvery that was kind of glowing." Mark paused for a moment, then said almost in a whisper, "It was a spaceship."

Felix guffawed. "Yeah, right. And you said this was a true story."

Again, everyone chorused "Fee-lix!" until the class boffin got the message and let Mark go on.

"Well, of course, Mike couldn't believe what he saw," Mark began again. "So he slid down the pile of earth until he was actually standing on the ship itself. The surface was shiny, smooth and warm to the touch. Mike reckoned that a lot of the ship was buried underground because it didn't look very big.

"Anyway, he was standing there, wondering what to do, when suddenly he heard a faint knocking sound. At first he thought it was the sound of the ship cooling down, but then he realised it was

coming from inside. The knocking grew louder, and then – *CRACK!* – a big split opened up in the metal hull!"



Everybody flinched and the guy that Kurt had scared earlier gave a tiny yelp. The others teased him, but Mark knew they were just trying to laugh off their own fright. He jumped up and started to walk around as he carried on with his story.

"The crack grew wider and wider until it made a circular hole. Then a horrible smell rolled out of the opening – it reminded Mike of the time he had dug up a bag of rotting pheasants hidden by a poacher. But this smell stank so badly, Mike's legs went all rubbery, and he was shaking so much he could barely stand up.

"Eventually, the crack stopped getting wider, so Mike crept closer to what was obviously some kind of doorway. His heart pounded so hard that it practically made his shirt jump up and down. The night seemed very quiet all of a sudden. He reached the edge of the opening and slowly leaned forward, poking his head over the edge. His lips were dry with fear



and excitement. He was going to be famous. He was going to be the first human ever to meet an alien!"



Mark looked around at his audience. He really had them, but knew he'd better get to the scary part soon. He went on, trying to make his voice sound ominous and spooky.

"First, Mike saw some blinking lights on the inside wall. Next, he saw something that looked like a tunnel leading into the centre of the ship. He leaned a little further – and there it was: a dark shape lying in the middle of the tunnel.

"Suddenly a tentacle shot out! Before Mike could scream, it wrapped around his throat. He tried to get away, but the slimy thing was too strong for him. Gasping for breath, he felt himself being pulled over the edge of the hole and into the ship. The thing – a hideous cross between a spider and an octopus – had him. And it was pulling him towards its mouth!"

Gesturing with his hands, Mark continued, "Mike was this close to going down the gross thing's slimy throat. In fact, he was so close he almost fainted from the stink of its breath. Then a tongue – with millions of tiny teeth on it – snaked out. It dragged across Mike's face like sandpaper, tearing into his cheeks and practically ripping off his nose. Then, just before he blacked out, Mike saw small tentacles ooze out of the alien's head. Although he tried, he couldn't fight off the alien as it sank one tentacle right into his skull and bored through it, heading straight for his brain."



Mark paused while his audience made disgusted noises. Then, before they had time to speak, he held up his hand.

"Wait a minute. There's more. You see, some time later Mike woke up. But he wasn't exactly Mike any more. The alien had taken over his body... and his life."

"What?" someone gasped.

"Yeah. Once it was comfortable in its new body, the alien set the ship to self-destruct. Then it followed Mike's memories back to the house where he had grown up. There it waited for its new human parent – Mike's dad – to come back.

"And the worst part of the whole story is that poor Mike, even though he didn't have a body any more, still had enough consciousness to know what was happening. He worked out that the alien would take over his dad, too. And that the more humans it assimilated, the more capable it was of reproducing itself over and over again. In time it would control the planet. And all Mike could do was watch in silent horror, knowing that he had brought about the doom of the human race."



ark's voice dropped to a whisper as he finished, and he stood still in the flickering shadows cast by the waning campfire. The stunned silence was everything he could have hoped for. He waited as his classmates began breathing again.

A boy called Matthew sighed. "It's like that film where the scientists are at the South Pole and they find an alien that takes people over and makes copies of them." The boy shivered. "Afterwards, the scientists couldn't tell who was real and who was a copy."

Kurt rolled his eyes. Of course he had to be the one to try to knock Mark's story down. Kurt was always the first to have something negative to say.

"I thought you said it was a true story," he accused. "That story was no more true than a fairy tale."

Mark looked at him innocently. "Honestly, it is true."

Kurt shook his head. "No way."

Mark tried not to smile. Someone just had to figure it out. In fact, he had been betting on it. "OK, clever clogs," he challenged Kurt, "why is there no way it can be true?"

"There's no way because there was nobody around when the lad went into the spaceship," Kurt said. "And if the lad never came out as himself, and the alien blew up the ship, then there's nobody to tell the story and no evidence that the ship or the alien ever existed."

"That's true," Mark admitted. "But you missed one important point."

Everyone listened closely to see how he would defend himself.

"There is one person who knows the whole story," Mark said, nearly whispering, "but his name isn't Mike."

Suddenly Mark pulled open his shirt. "It's me!" he yelled as thick, black tentacles shot out from his chest.

Everyone screamed out loud. It looked like a bomb had exploded in the middle of the circle as the seriously scared boys



jumped, crawled, or rolled backwards away from the monster who had once been Mark.

"What is it?" yelled the teachers as they came racing over from their tents.

Mark knelt in front of the fire, nearly breathless with laughter. Tears streamed down his face as he leaned forwards on his hands to stop himself falling over. The tentacles now bounced and swayed gently at his side, looking suspiciously like black tights stuffed with something springy.

"What on Earth is going on?" demanded Mr Owens, the PE teacher.

Mark managed to catch his breath and tried to answer, but the sight of his classmates slowly picking themselves up made him burst out laughing again.

"Er, nothing, Mr Owens," said Mark's best friend, Zack, who had kept quiet throughout Mark's story.

"Nothing?" repeated Mr Delaney, the biology teacher. "You were all screaming as if it was the end of the world!"

Mark finally recovered enough to talk. "We were telling scary stories, and I think perhaps mine was a little too scary."

The teachers studied the group of kids. Everyone was trying to look as if it had been somebody else screaming with fear and not them.

Finally Mr Owens pronounced that it was late and that everyone had to be in their tents – and asleep – within the next fifteen minutes.

Most of the kids were still too embarrassed to do anything but agree. Some of them shot Mark dirty looks, but others grinned or gave him a thumbs-up, wishing they had been as clever as he was.

Fifteen minutes later, as requested, they were all in their tents, although not exactly asleep. The sound of whispered conversations and muffled laughter could be heard from every tent.

"Wow," Zack said in a low voice from his side of the dark tent he and Mark shared, "you caught us all with that one."

Mark smiled. "You know, I think Nick almost had a heart attack."

Zack clutched his chest and fell backwards. The two boys burst into giggles and spent the next few minutes laughing about who had been the most scared.

After their laughing fit had passed, Zack asked Mark quietly, "Where did you get that story from, anyway?"

"Why?" Mark whispered.

"I mean, did you get it from that movie Matthew was talking about?"

"What makes you think I made it up?" Mark asked, suddenly serious.

Zack was silent a moment. Then he said angrily, "Come on, Mark. I really want to know where you got the story. Stop messing around."

Mark didn't answer right away. The silence in the tent seemed to take on a life of its own. Finally the breath Mark had been holding in exploded out of his mouth in a bark of laughter. "Of course I made it up! What do you think – it really happened?"

There was a strange sound from Zack, as if his sleeping bag was being torn open. "Good," he sneered as he clamped a hand tightly over Mark's mouth. "I was worried for a moment that I'd been discovered."

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD

Set in the Deep South of the United States, Louisiana is one of the spookiest places on Earth...



MISSISSIPPI MYSTERY

When the sturdy *Iron Mountain* riverboat left Vicksburg in 1872, it carried 52 passengers and towed two big barges of cotton and molasses. It set off down the mighty Mississippi, southbound for the heartlands of Louisiana. Some time later, the captain of another paddle steamer was horrified when his boat nearly collided with two drifting barges. These had evidently been cut loose from the *Iron Mountain*.

Later, it was discovered that the *Iron Mountain* had vanished without trace on the river, along with the passengers and the entire crew. Despite endless searches, no wreckage was ever found, nor were any bodies or bits of cargo ever washed on to the riverbank. No one has ever solved the mystery of the vanishing *Iron Mountain*.



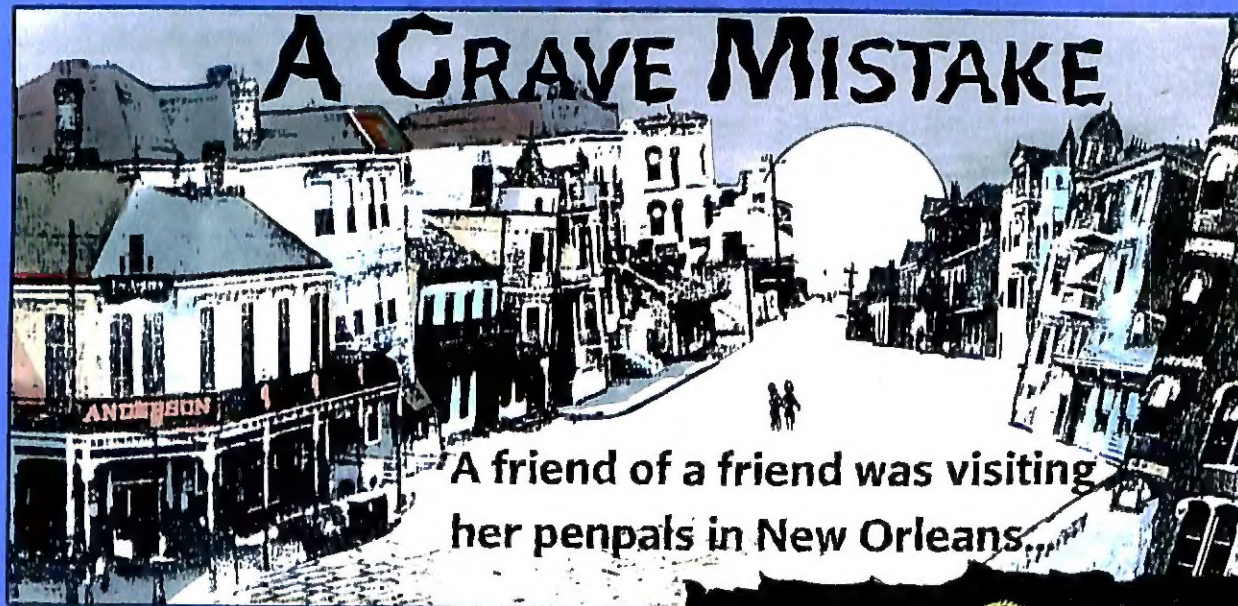
▲ Inside New Orleans' Historic Voodoo Museum

THE VODOO QUEEN

No one knows where she came from or who she was but Marie Laveau, known as the Voodoo Queen, led voodoo dances in Congo Square, New Orleans, as early as 1830. She was believed to be able to cast spells and even to control the weather. When two Frenchmen were sentenced to be hanged, their friends asked Marie for help. She promised that the men would not be hanged as scheduled. On the day of their execution, a wild storm broke out and the wet nooses slipped from the men's necks as the scaffold platform fell. In the 1890s, Marie was still holding voodoo rituals and because she still looked like a young woman, people believed that she could not die. But die she did, and her ghost is often seen in the cemetery of St Louis. Her old house at 1020 St Ann Street is also said to be haunted by the Voodoo Queen and her followers.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S HAUNTED HOUSE

General Beauregard was a southern commander during the American Civil War. The house where he lived in New Orleans – 1113 Charles Street – is said to be haunted by a whole army! Although the general had won many victories early in the war, his army suffered a bloody defeat at the Battle of Shiloh. Local legend has it that a ghostly Confederate army can often be seen inside their old commander's house.



A friend of a friend was visiting her penpals in New Orleans.



1 After supper one night, the friends scared each other with all sorts of spooky stories.



2 One boy told the tale of weird old Mr Masters, who used to stare out over Lake Pontchartrain, night after night.



3 "He was buried last week – but no one was brave enough to go along to the St Louis cemetery! And guess what?" he added. "He was buried alive! You can hear scratching noises coming from his grave!"



4 While everyone tried hard not to look scared, the boy whispered, "And if you hang around near his grave, people say that Mr Masters will leap out and kill you!"



5 When someone scoffed, "Huh! What a load of old rubbish!" the storyteller said, "Well, I bet none of you would dare to go there!" But one of the girls said she would!



6 The boy gave her a wooden stake, saying, "Drive this into the mound over Mr Masters' grave, so that we'll all know that you really did go there!"



7 The group felt a bit guilty about letting the girl go off alone. So when she had not returned an hour later, they all trooped off to the cemetery to find her.



8 They found the girl, dead, beside the grave. She'd somehow managed to stake her own dress to the grave mound.



9 The police thought she had tripped and hit her head on the gravestone. But the storyteller said, in a whisper, "Or perhaps Mr Masters got her after all!"



SITTING BULL

Special Investigation File: 24

Subject: the visions of an American Indian chief

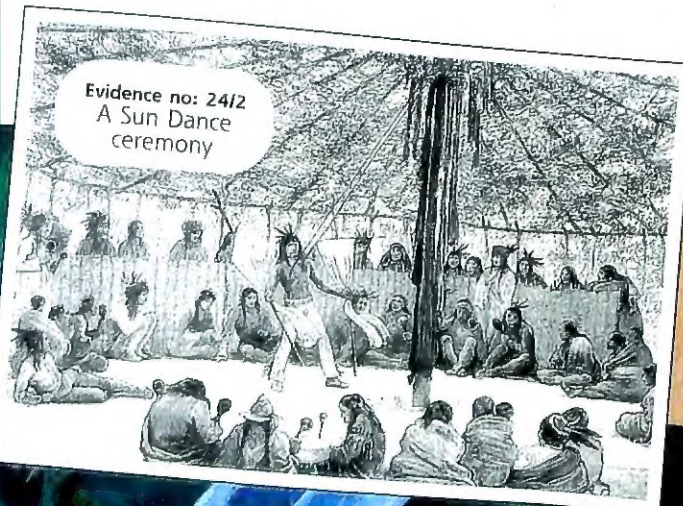
Place: Great Plains, USA

SpineChiller creates a file

BACKGROUND INFORMATION

During the 19th century, settlers spread gradually west across the USA. As they advanced, they forced many American Indian tribes from their homelands into special territories, known as reservations. But in 1868, the government signed a treaty with the Indians of the Dakota tribe of the western plains, granting them ownership of their ancient homelands for ever.

In 1869, however, after the first railroad across North America was completed, settlers began to arrive on the Indians' plains in ever-increasing numbers. When gold was discovered in the Black Hills of South Dakota in 1872, miners rushed to the region, too. As conflict loomed, one Dakota chief, Sitting Bull, began to have visions.



Evidence no: 24/2
A Sun Dance ceremony

DOUBLE VISION

In spring 1876, Chief Sitting Bull climbed to the top of Medicine Deer Rock in Montana. He was on a 'vision quest' – an attempt to communicate with the spirits. While there, he saw a whirlwind full of soldiers engulf a Dakota village that was in the shape of a white cloud. The whirlwind passed, but the cloud-shaped village remained.

In the summer, many plains tribes held a special ceremony known as the Sun Dance. Its sacred rituals often included painful endurance tests. In June 1876, Sitting Bull cut his arm 100 times as part of the Sun Dance. Then he had a second vision, in which soldiers fell upside down from the sky. He announced that both visions foretold a battle with the army that the Dakota tribe would win.



Evidence no: 24/1
Chief Sitting Bull

26 June 1876
THE BATTLE OF LITTLE BIGHORN
Yesterday, General George Armstrong Custer and troops of the 7th US Cavalry launched an attack on Dakota and other American Indians.

The battle was fought on the banks of the Little Bighorn River, in the state of Montana. Custer had hugely underestimated the strength of the Indian forces – he faced about 2000 warriors – and his defeat was total. He and all his 263 men were killed in just half an hour.

According to rumour, Dakota chief Sitting Bull had foretold this tragic incident.



Evidence no: 24/3
The Battle of Little Bighorn



Evidence no: 24/4
General George Armstrong Custer

Dear Julia

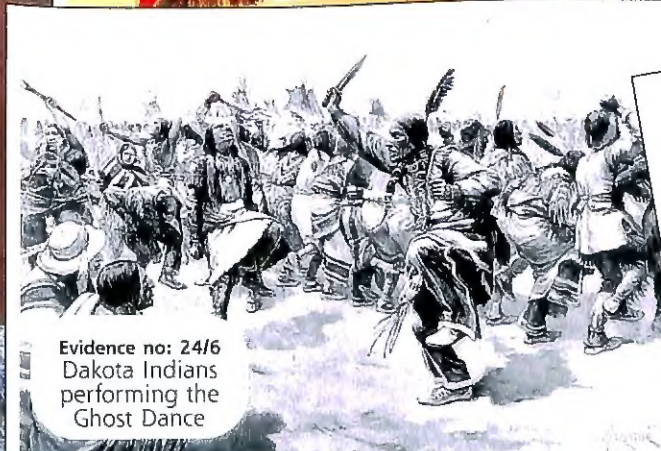
December 16 1890

I write to tell you that Sitting Bull is dead. You know that after Little Bighorn he was exiled in Canada, then starred in Buffalo Bill's Wild West show. But recently he has been supporting a new religious movement. Founded by the prophet Wovoka, it teaches that American Indians will recover power if they join in a ritual known as the Ghost Dance. Yesterday Sitting Bull was arrested for his activities, then shot dead by a Dakota Indian policeman. Strangely, he had foretold that one of his own people would kill him.

Yours affectionately
Ethel



Evidence no: 24/5
A dress worn for the Ghost Dance



Evidence no: 24/6
Dakota Indians performing the Ghost Dance

CONCLUSION

After Sitting Bull died, the Dakotas lost their struggle against white settlers. On 29 December 1890, about 250 of them were massacred by US troops at Wounded Knee, South Dakota. After this tragedy, the tribe moved to a reservation. Despite his visions, Sitting Bull had been unable to protect his people from their fate.

Unexplained

CLASSIC

SERIAL



Chapter 1

THE GHOST CHAMBER

Retold from a story by Charles Dickens

Mr Goodchild and Mr Idle arrived at the house where they were to stay in broad, bright daylight. Then they stepped straight into the sombre hall, which was full of old carvings and dark mahogany panels that gave it a mysterious character. Half a dozen noiseless old men, all dressed exactly alike in black, received them and glided up the stairs ahead of them. Then they filed off to the right and left of the staircase, as the guests entered their sitting room.

Mr Goodchild and Mr Idle passed a night in the house without seeing any more of the old men. Nor did it appear that any old men were missed or expected by any member of the establishment.

But soon, something strange began to happen. The door of their sitting room was repeatedly opened and shut. It was always opened at an unexpected moment, when they were reading, writing, eating, drinking, talking or dozing. But when they looked towards it, it was clapped to again and nobody was to be seen.

On the second night of their stay, when the house was closed and quiet, the two men were reclining on sofas, smoking, drinking brandy and talking. Mr Goodchild took out his watch to wind it.

"What time is it?" enquired Mr Idle.

"One," said Goodchild.

As if he had ordered one old man, and the order had been promptly executed, the door opened, and one old man stood looking into the room.

"One of the six, Tom, at last!" said Mr Goodchild, in a surprised whisper. "Sir, your pleasure?"

"Sir, *your* pleasure?" said the old man.

"Didn't I have the pleasure of seeing you yesterday?" said Goodchild.

"I cannot say for certain," was the grim reply.

"I think you saw me, did you not?"

"Oh, yes," came the reply. "But I see many who never see me."



The old man looked chilled and cadaverous, and spoke very slowly. He seemed unable to blink, as if his eyelids had been nailed to his forehead. His eyes were two motionless spots of fire. He came into the room, shut the door, then sat down.

"Are you an old inhabitant of this place?" Goodchild asked.

"Yes."

"Perhaps you can decide a point my friend and I were discussing this morning. They hang condemned criminals at the castle, I believe?"

"They do," said the old man.

"Are the faces of the criminals turned towards the castle wall?"

The old man nodded. "When you are tied up, you see the stones of the wall expanding and contracting violently, and a similar expansion and contraction seems to



take place in your own head and breast. Then suddenly there is a rush of fire and everything begins to shake, the castle springs into the air and you tumble downwards."

"A strong description," remarked Mr Goodchild.

"A strong sensation," the old man replied.

Mr Goodchild then saw what appeared to be threads of fire stretch from the old man's eyes to his own, forging a fiery link.

He had the strongest sensation of being forced to look at the old man along those two fiery lines.

"I must tell you," said the old man, with a ghastly stare. And he began to tell the two men his terrible story.

Ellen had been a bride, a fair, flaxen-haired, large-eyed girl with no character and no purpose. A weak, credulous, incapable, helpless nothing. In this, she had perfectly reflected her father's character, not her mother's.

Ellen's mother had rejected him for money, putting him aside for Ellen's rich father. He had wanted compensation for being put aside, compensation in

money. So when Ellen's father died, he had returned to Ellen's mother, even though he now hated her. He was bent on retaliation.

However, the woman had become fatally ill. As she lay dying, he could see that he would not get a penny from her. So, he had forged her signature on a document. It left all she had to her

Underlined words are explained in WORD POWER.

ten-year-old daughter Ellen, and appointed him the girl's guardian. Sliding it under the woman's pillow, he had bent down and whispered, "Dead or alive, you will make compensation to me in money."

Next he had been determined to make the foolish Ellen his bride. She had lived in his dark house for eleven years. With the collusion of an unscrupulous governess, the girl had been formed in the fear of him and in the conviction that there was no escape from him, that he was to be her husband.

Ellen had been twenty-one years and twenty-one days old, when, upon a rainy night, he had brought her back to his gloomy house once more. By that time she had been his half-witted, frightened and submissive bride for three long weeks.

On the threshold of the house, as the rain was dripping from the porch, she had turned to him and said, "Be merciful to me! I will do anything you wish, if you will only forgive me!" That had become her constant song, along with, "I beg your pardon," and "Forgive me!" He had felt nothing but contempt for her.



The two of them were alone in the house that night, as he had arranged that the people who attended on them should come and go in the day. When he had entered the bride's chamber, he had found her withdrawn to the furthest corner, her hair wild about her face, her large eyes staring at him in vague terror.

He had said to her, "Ellen, here is a writing that you must copy out tomorrow, in your own hand. You should be seen by others engaged upon it. When you have done, call in any two people there may be about the house, and sign your name to it before them."

The next day, she had sat down at her desk and done as she had been told. That evening, when she gave the paper to him, he had asked her if she knew that it left her possessions to him in the event of her death. She had nodded.

He had then taken her by the arm, looked her in the face and uttered these fateful words, "Now, die! I have done with you. I am not going to kill you. I will not endanger my life for yours. Die!"

From then on, he had sat before her in her gloomy chamber, day after day, night after night, looking the word, "Die" at her when he did not utter it. As often as her eyes rose to meet his stern gaze, they read in it, "Die!" When, exhausted, she had dropped to sleep, she was awakened by the whisper, "Die!" When she had begged to be pardoned, she was answered, "Die!" When the rising sun flamed into the sombre room, she had heard it hailed with, "Another day and not dead? Die!"

Shut up in the deserted mansion together, engaged in what seemed like an endless struggle, it had come to this – that either he must die, or she.

It was done, upon a windy



morning, before sunrise. She had broken away from him in the night, with loud and sudden cries – the first which she had uttered – and he had had to put his hands over her mouth. After that, she had been quiet in the corner of the panelling where she had sunk down. He had left her and gone back, with his folded arms and his knitted forehead, to his chair.

Then he had seen her coming, more colourless than ever in the leaden dawn, trailing herself along the floor towards him. She had been a white wreck of hair, and dress, and wild eyes.

"Forgive me! I will do anything," she had cried.

"Die!"

WORD POWER

cadaverous – like a corpse (cadaver)

flaxen – pale yellow, like the fibres of the flax plant

credulous – excessively trusting

collusion – co-operation, especially in order to deceive

bill-hook – a tool with a curved blade

loath to – unwilling to

Her large eyes had strained with fear, then reproach, then nothing. It was done. He had lifted her from the floor and laid her on the bed.

Ellen had soon been buried. Both she and her mother were gone, and he had compensated himself well.

He had decided to sell the house and travel. In order to get a better price for the house, he had hired labourers to trim the ivy that drooped over the windows and to clear the walks in which the knee-high weeds were growing. He had worked along with them, often later than they did.

One autumn evening, when his bride had been five weeks dead, he was working alone at dusk, his bill-hook in hand.

"It's growing dark," he had said to himself, "I must stop for the night."

Then he had looked at the dark porch waiting for him like a tomb. He hated the house, and was loath to enter it. Near to the porch, and near to where he stood, was a tree whose branches were waving before the window of the bride's chamber, where she had lived – and died. A branch of the tree had swung suddenly, and made him start. It had then swung again, although the night was still. Looking up, he had seen a figure almost hidden among the branches.

TIME TRAVEL PUZZLES



TIME TRAVEL
Dr W's row of clocks are set at different times. What time should the last clock be set at?

1969
Battle of Hastings

1066
Woolly mammoth

1492
Montgolfier brothers invent hot air balloon

1783
Joan of Arc burnt at Rouen

1431
Florence Nightingale in Crimea War

30,000BC
Columbus discovers Americas

1969
Apollo Moon landings

1854
Suffragettes chained to Downing Street railings

MIXED-UP TIME
Dr W's time-screens are showing the wrong dates and descriptions of the pictures! Can you help him to sort them all out?

BACK IN TIME
Dr W is checking out this Roman street before he lands. Some things are not quite right. Can you spot them?

VII XV I XXIII I XXV XXV XV XXI I XVIII V
I VI VI V III XX IX XIV VII XV XXI XVIII
XVIII V I XII IX XX XXV

ROMAN MESSAGE
Can you decipher the on-screen numbers message above?

FASCINATING FACTS
The nearer an object moves to the speed of light, the slower time passes for that object. If an astronaut aged 40 were to leave a son aged 10 on Earth while he visited a star system 35 light years away, travelling at 99% of the Speed of Light, then, for him the trip would take ten years and he'd return to Earth aged 50. For his son, however, 70 years would have passed and by the time his father came back the son would be an 80-year-old!

Dad, did you bring me back a present?

ROMAN MESSAGE CODE
A=I B=II C=III D=IV E=V F=VI
G=VII H=VIII I=IX J=X K=XI
L=XII M=XIII N=XIV O=XV P=XVI
Q=XVII R=XVIII S=XIX T=XX
U=XXI V=XXII W=XXIII X=XXIV
Y=XXV Z=XXVI

TIME INVENTIONS

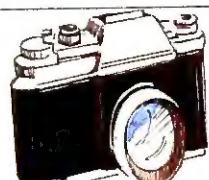
A group of inventors went back to their own times to help solve a problem – but with the wrong inventions! Can you sort them out?



John Logie Baird



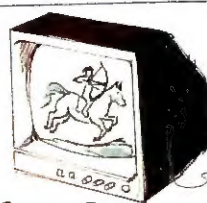
Alexander Graham Bell



Johannes Gutenberg



George Stephenson



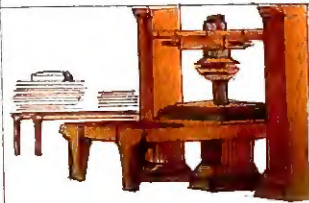
George Eastman



Galileo Galilei



King C Gillette



Linus Yale

SCROLL TIME

On one of his trips, Dr W found this ancient scroll. What does it say?

TMYT
HOOR
ORUA
UFRE
GRTH
HAIR
YEMU
ONEO
UYAY
VRNW
EEDO
TVPL
RSLI
AIAO
VECF
ESED
LRYN
LEOA
EVUD
DINN
FNEI
AUEM
REDR
THNU
OTOO
FOTY
ITDN
NYEE
DEPP
MKAO
EERY
HHTL
ETSP
REIM

FREAKY FACTS

In 1950, a man stepped into the road in Times Square, New York, and was killed by passing traffic. His clothes were new but old fashioned and so was the money he had on him. Police tried to contact his relatives from the visiting cards in his pocket but the buildings were long gone. They traced him to police records made in 1876, when he had been reported missing after going out for a walk. How did he arrive 74 years into the future?

ANSWERS

TIME TRAVEL: Each clock loses one more hour than the previous clock: clock 2 loses 1 hour, clock 3 loses 2, clock 4 loses 3, clock 5 loses 4, so clock 6 loses 5 hours and should read 6 o'clock.
MIXED-UP TIME: (from left to right, top to bottom) 1907 = Suffragettes chained to Downing St railings; 30,000BC = woolly mammoth; 1066 = Battle of Hasting; 1492 = Columbus discovers Americas; 1431 = Joan of Arc burnt at Rouen; 1969 = Apollo Moon Landing; 1854 = Florence Nightingale in Crimea War; 1783 = Montgolfier brothers invent hot air balloon; BACK IN TIME: Errors in Roman street scene: window blind/electric light bulb/cash register/plastic corner bag/woman in modern high-heeled shoes/price cards not Roman/man carrying an umbrella/teapot/sup. ROMAN MESSAGE: GO AWAY, YOU ARE AFFECTING OUR REALITY.
TIME INVENTIONS: John Logie Baird = TV; Alexander Graham Bell = telephone; George Stephenson = Rocket railway engine; King C Gillette = safety razor; Johannes Gutenberg = printing press; Galileo Galilei = telescope; George Eastman = box camera; Linus Yale = Yale cylinder lock.
SCROLL TIME: Starting at the top left-hand letter, read down and then up the columns. The message reads: THOUGH YOU'VE TRAVELLED FAR TO FIND ME HERE, THE KEY TO THE UNIVERSE IS VERY NEAR. FROM YOUR TIME AND PLACE YOU NEED NOT DEPART. SIMPLY OPEN YOUR MIND AND FOLLOW YOUR HEART.

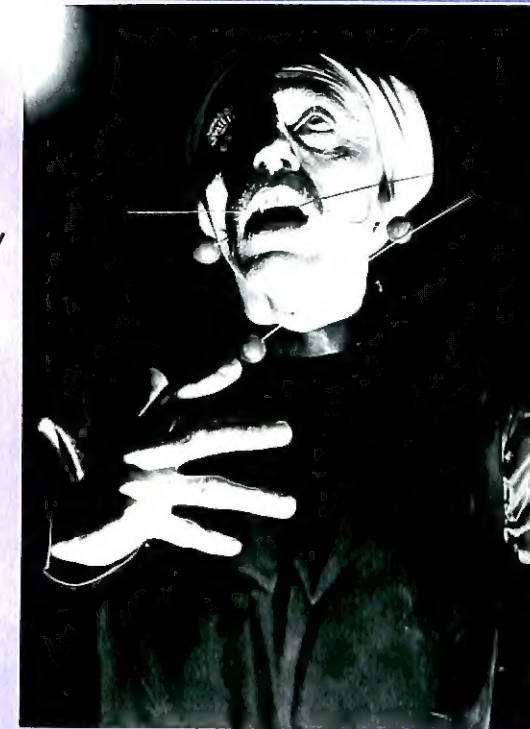


MIND OVER BODY

Can people really stick spears through their cheeks or walk over hot coals without feeling pain? Most of us would be in agony, but there are some people who regularly do any or all of these things – simply by using the power of the mind to overcome pain and injury.

TIBETAN MYSTERIES

In the Himalayan kingdom of Tibet, Buddhist monks train for many years to master the art of 'tumo'. As part of the process they must sit on an icy lake covered in a cloak that has been dipped in the freezing waters. Using only their own body temperature they must dry the cloak, which is then wetted again and again. This seemingly impossible task has been seen by scientists, who noted a rise of several degrees in the body temperature of the frozen novice.



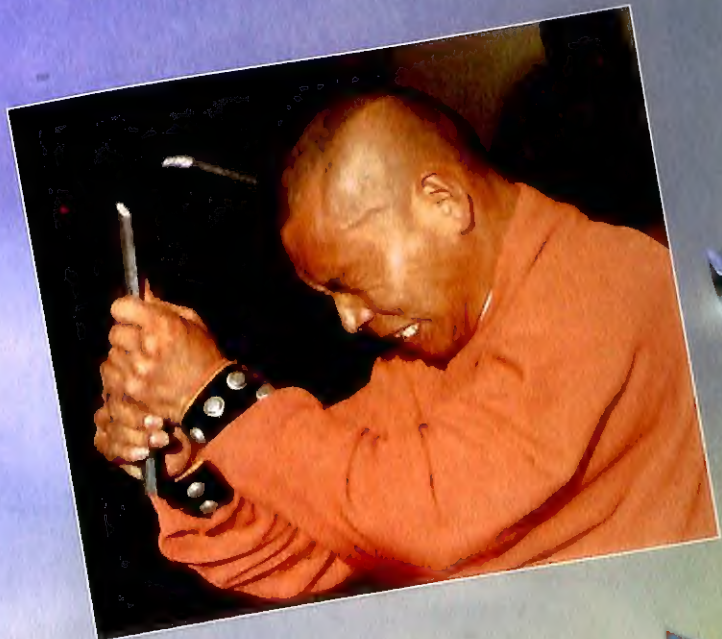
▲ **SUPER SELF-CONTROL**
The amazing Yarto Yowa pierces himself with pins without shedding a drop of blood.

BURIED ALIVE!
In India, yoga experts have survived for several days buried in airtight boxes. Just as a bear hibernates by reducing the heartbeat, the yogi can reduce his pulse to just two beats per minute. The normal rate for an adult would be 70-80 beats per minute! The amount of food and water needed can also be greatly reduced – but unlike the bear hibernating underground, human fat stores will only last for days rather than for months.

▼ **HEAD CASE**
A Shaolin monk breaks an iron bar over his head – many Eastern religions practise meditation to control pain.



▲ **BUSKING WITH A DIFFERENCE**
This yogi was snapped in Agra, India, in 1974. His breathing had stopped and pulse reduced to two beats per minute.





▲ SIZZLING STUNT

There is no doubt that firewalkers tread on very hot coals, but wet feet and speed may be crucial to their performance.

ALL AN ILLUSION?

There's nothing superhuman about lying on a bed of sharp nails. It is really just a clever trick. No harm will be done – as long as there are enough nails. The more nails there are the less pressure one part of the body will put on a single nail.

The skill of the firewalker is less understood. Firewalkers perform all over the world, from Greece and California to India and the Fijian Islands. They have exposed their naked feet to temperatures as high as 800°C . However, observers have come to realise that walkers will only stay on the coals for very short periods of time – a matter of 3 to 5 seconds. And before they make the run, many firewalkers dampen their feet with water. Licking your thumb and finger before snuffing out a candle protects you from burning in the same way.

PAIN CONTROL

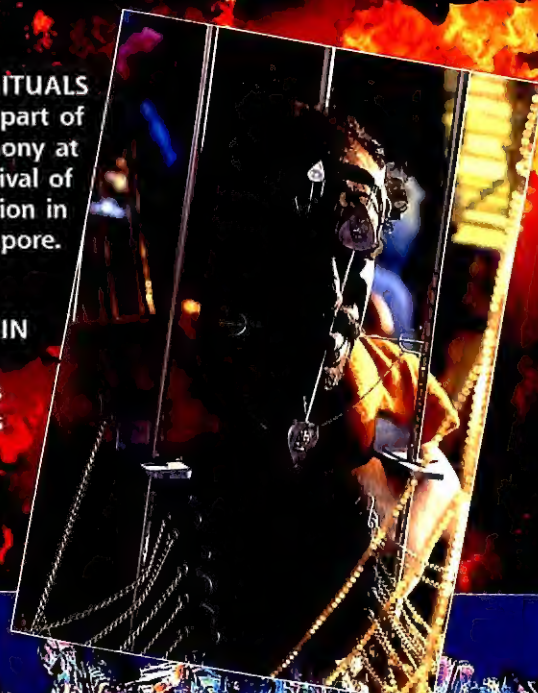
However, other acts of incredible human endurance of pain are less easy to explain. During a religious festival in the Kararagama temple in Sri Lanka, those attending inflict horrible injuries on themselves, such as piercing their cheeks with small spears. How do they stand the pain?

In accidents, victims who hurt themselves often feel little or no pain at that precise moment – the pain comes later. Science has shown that the human body can release pain-suppressing agents called endorphins, and that a horrific accident may trigger the production of enough endorphins to block pain altogether.

Is it possible that some people are capable of producing the pain-blocking endorphins whenever they want? For the time being, this remains a truly unexplained mystery.

► UNUSUAL RITUALS

Enduring pain as part of a religious ceremony at the Festival of Purification in Singapore.



▼ GAIN OVER PAIN

A colourful micrograph shows endorphin crystals released by the brain which can completely block physical pain.

